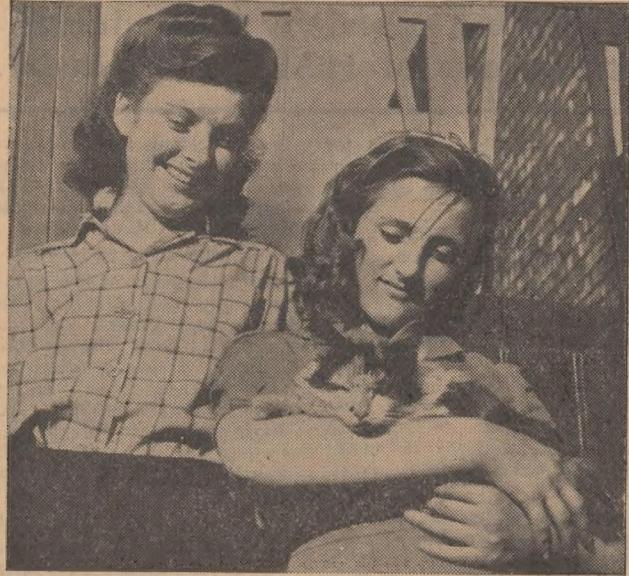


Good Morning 697

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Following Footsteps of P.O. Bert Downing

THERE'S a big welcome indeed, and they all send you waiting for you at 42, Pine Road, Barrow, Sto. P.O. the rest. Good luck, Bert, to you and Bert Downing, and the whole family will be there to greet you when you return.

Jean had just returned from her music lesson when the "G.M." called. "She's following in Bert's footsteps as far as music goes," your Mother informed us.

You wouldn't know the old homestead now, Bert, for since you were last there the place has had a thorough overhaul. Glass is back in the windows, wood-work has been repainted, the ceilings have been put right again, and everything looks to be in perfect ship-shape condition.

The whole family went to Ambleside on one of Father's days off. They had a simply glorious time, but are eagerly looking forward to the day when you can be with them on their trips once more.

Jack, Rona, and Baby Barry are fine; they are going to hold the christening back, you know, until you are home to be the godfather.

Everyone looks very well

Bath Water ready for Sig. Charles Moyes

YOU probably have good cause to remember Mr. Parker, L-Sig. Charles Moyes. You know, the chap who comes with a large bundle of sticks, pushes them up the chimney and covers the furniture with soot. Anyway, your mother and father were awaiting this necessary but uncomfortable character when we called on them at 15, Quick-road, Chiswick, to get some home news for you.

Molly is full of the joy of living, and sends all her love, together with a wish for your speedy return home so that you can be together again. She is especially looking forward to the time when you

and Ron will be able to go with her to the Chiswick open-air baths once more.

Talking of Ron reminded your dad of something. He said we should tell you that "Ron is where he can get plenty of cocoanuts without throwing balls at them!" Suppose you get the point!

George and Harry are well, and wish you all the best, but while George is finding life very exciting, Harry says he's had enough of foreign countries and will be glad when he can get back home.

That feeling is probably accounted for by the fact that he wants to get back to see those two sons of his. Bobby and Allen must be fine boys now.



You are Warned, E.R.A. Ronald West!

"DESTRUCTION" was looking the time when she can ing at us through the window of 16, Melrose-avenue, Twickenham, when we called. E. R. A. Ronald West.

We learned that this is the family's nickname for your young nephew, Roger, but he was very well behaved while we were there.

There was, however, a very good attempt made to bring about the complete destruction of the black hearth rug by Sue, to those of the rest of the Roger's puppy. She may be getting tired of chewing rags and Roger's ears, so be warned and look out when you get back!

Your mother is eagerly awaiting to do the garden!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THIS week my guest expert is W. H. Millier, celebrated journalist-sportsman.

Few people have been closer to the core of sport than Bill; he knows all the answers because he learned the hard way. To-day he gives you information that will be invaluable if you want to take up a sporting career.

RON RICHARDS has already dealt with several professions, and this week I have been asked to deal in a similar way with sport. I have already not as a player. One of the done this in "Good Morning" to reasons why players have a certain degree. However, I always been so poorly paid is will take this opportunity to amplify certain aspects.

If it is undesirable for us to become a nation of civil servants, and impracticable to aim at being a nation of shopkeepers, there is no reason why we should not be a nation of sportsmen. We like to think that we do come under this last-mentioned heading, and it will be a sad day for the Old Country when we have to confess that we do not tally with the label.

The ideal, of course, is sport for its own sake, meaning for the pleasure it gives. Nowadays we have to recognise the fact that sport has been so commercialised that many branches come into the category of big business. This is because a number of games and pastimes, which are somewhat loosely classified as sport, have gone over to the entertainment world and attract big crowds, which usually mean big money.

But it is only in certain branches of sporting entertainment where the performers gain large rewards. In view of the vast discrepancy between money taken at the gate and players' wages, it can only be said that the performers are rewarded by scandalously low pay.

piness out of life, then you will be well advised to join a good amateur club and play to your heart's content. You will then do the job that brings in your bread and butter all the better for that.

There is no security in professional sport. You have to keep on the top of your form if you are to keep your means of livelihood, which perhaps is as well, otherwise the sport would soon cease to attract the crowd.

As a general rule, the champions in any branch of sport have been those who have quite early made up their minds what they wanted, and have surmounted every obstacle to get to the top. While it is by no means certain that the tremendous urge to succeed in one's chosen sport is sufficient to reach the heights, be sure that nobody will ever get to the top without it.

Even if you shine far above your fellow players in professional football, and may be responsible for attracting a large proportion of the crowd, the only satisfaction you will derive is the knowledge that you have earned your popularity, for you will not earn any more than the lazy player who loaf through the match.

Still, that is the hard-and-fast rule in professional soccer, and presumably will continue until the supply of players dwindles below the demand. Then, perhaps, the powers that be will open up and offer more inducement, but that possibility seems to be a long way off, when you consider that only in recent months the Football League has been solemnly debating whether they should extract the last ounce of hap-

At the full pay of £8 a week a professional footballer will find it difficult to keep pace with the dock labourer or to-day's valuation of the pound sterling.

It is not as if he can continue playing up to a ripe old age; far from it, as many players are considered too old at 30, and unless they can secure a job as coach or trainer, they soon find that football is a blind alley job.

I hate making comparisons with sport as it is conducted in this country and with the conditions ruling in America, but it may not be out of place here to mention that the pre-war pay of a football professional in the United States was £19 a week, and is probably much higher to-day.

Soccer is enjoying a boom in America at the present time and is even expected to last into peaceable days, which is

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, we've got a good house-dog. Now all we want is a house to go with it!"

rather surprising for that land of ever-changing booms and slumps and new crazes.

Here, if you like, is a chance to cash in on your ability to make a pretty pass or shoot a sure goal. American soccer officials are thinking of inviting a number of English and Scottish players to help swell the box-office receipts, and they have proposed altering the rules to enable more foreign players than at present to be included in the teams. The rule was that no more than three foreign players could be included in any team.

You will see, then, that what this boils down to is that if you want to earn a good living out of professional football you will have to go to America.

You certainly will not find it here unless conditions are drastically changed in a very short time, which is most unlikely.



Wangling Words No. 637

DUTY BEFORE DECENCY

(Continued from Page 2)
how he likes to obey orders in his shirt tails.1. Behead a musical instrument and get a drink.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Rotheroerongtheongawn.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DOOR into JAMB.

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Of all the — on the river, he is the biggest — and the least competent.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 636

1. C-lean.
2. An anna in the Andaman Islands amounts to a farthing.
3. MAT, rat, rut, RUG; HEN, hew, how, COW.
4. Bolster, lobster.

JANE



Jack Greenall
Says
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

RUGGLES



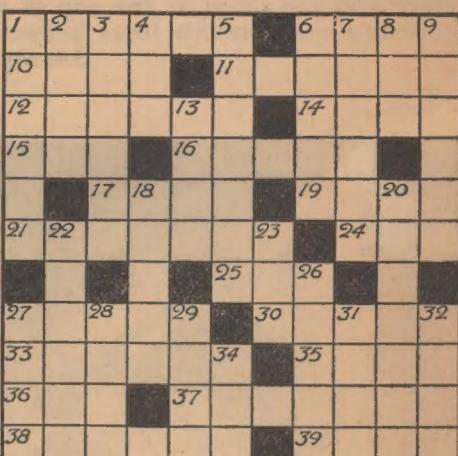
GARTH



JUST JAKE

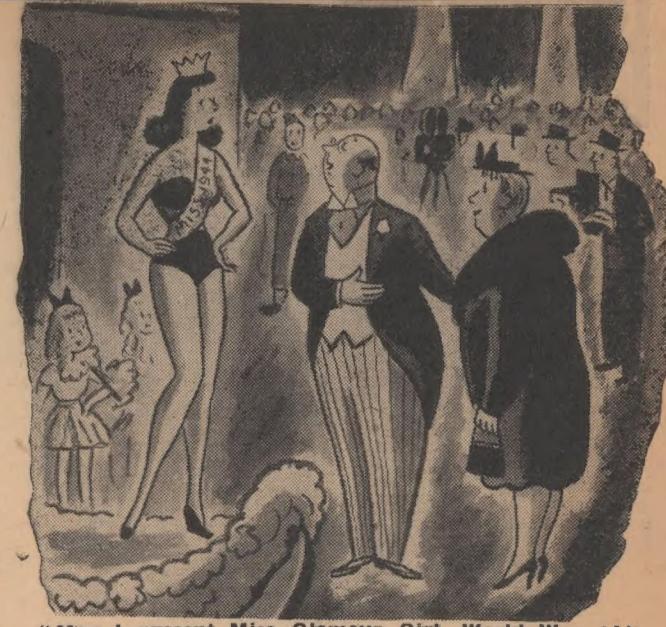


SPOT CAUSED
ARRIVALIRE
COALBLAZES
HTEALNECK
EGO DEANAT
TERSELEVER
NONUSODE
CUFF POSTC
HIATUS LINO
AND RECOVER
RESENT WEED



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Formed. 6 Loot after. 10 Relax. 11 Unparalleled. 12 Bird. 14 Big cask. 15 Drink. 16 Girl's name. 17 Fodder rack. 19 Donation. 21 Give a claim. 24 Put. 25 Tree. 27 Trusts. 30 Restrict. 33 Press chief. 35 Mathematical curves. 36 Moose. 37 French wind. 38 Considered. 39 Despatched.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Composed. 2 Bad weather. 3 Look. 4 Go. 5 To wear well. 6 Shin-bone. 7 Peers. 8 Fruit. 9 Loathe. 13 Send out. 18 Bolt. 20 South American. 22 Simpleton. 23 Fish. 26 English county. 27 Attend to. 28 Old spear. 29 A certain amount. 31 Extra. 32 Tip. 34 Free.

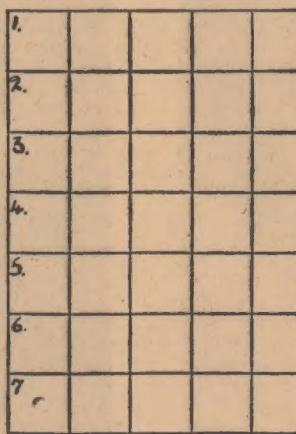


"May I present Miss Glamour Girl—World War 1!"

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below you will find the centre column down gives you the name of one of the liberated countries:

1. A joint.



THE AARD VARK.

DRUNKS have signed on the dotted line after seeing milder things than the Aard Vark.

His ears are askew, his head looks like a bottle, and he's covered with coarse bristly hairs. Taking him all round, he's got to be seen to be believed.

He blitzes ant-hills, eats the terrified occupants, plays merry hell far and wide, and has a tongue coated with a glue-like substance. Did you ever hear of such a tough?

He can dig faster than a man with a shovel. I am well aware this is no criterion, but he can.

They bury natives in the holes he digs. One look from an Aard Vark is enough to kill anybody. By this time I hope you have grasped he's best left alone.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

Good Morning



HOW THE OTHER CHAP LIVES.—These men are G.P.O. linesmen. It's their job to repair the telephone lines—and after heavy storms or snow, believe us, there's plenty to do. Here you see them at the top of an H-pole with six-way arms carrying main trunk lines between Cobham and Witley, in Surrey.

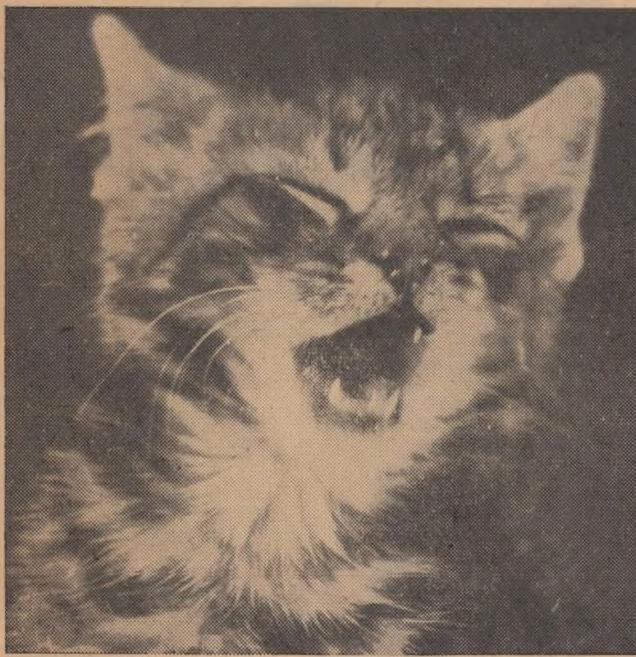


OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Good heavens!
I'm airborne."



THE BUNNY - HUG.—We never thought much of the life led by a tame rabbit—living on dandelion leaves and cabbage stalks and all that—until we saw this picture. Now we're not so sure—if you see what we mean.



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH—that's what it is—to see that stuck-up Ship's Cat, moved from his own familiar corner and pushed up to the top of the page."



***ENOUGH TO MAKE A BLOKE SCREAM WITH RAGE**—that's what it is—to have somebody send you a bottle of hair-restorer for a birthday present, when you really wanted one of those cocktail-shaker feeding bottles."



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOG HOWL—that's what it is—to find yourself on the back page of Good Morning with that insufferable caption-writer trying to make bad jokes about you."